

The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. VI. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1872. [NEW SERIES.] NO. 14.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. L. RUCKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Grateful for the liberal patronage heretofore received, hopes by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.

L. F. CHURCHILL, C. M. WHITEHEAD,
CHURCHILL & WHITEHEAD,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of Western North Carolina, in the Supreme Courts of the State and in the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.

R. W. LOGAN, J. M. JUSTICE,
LOGAN & JUSTICE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.

Particular attention given to collections in both Superior and Justices' Courts.

J. L. CARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections made in any part of the State if possible.

M. H. JUSTICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Claims collected in all parts of the State.

J. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to.

DR. J. W. HARRIS,
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION
to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice.
Has constantly on hand a fine supply of Pure Drugs, at his office in Rutherfordton.

Miscellaneous Cards.

GIVE ME A CALL!
Barnett's Hotel.
With a well supplied table, attentive servants, and good stables, I will try to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to me in time past.

BLACKSMITHING.
WILL BRADLEY DALTON
will inform his old friends and customers, that he is going it alone, and will be glad to have them call at his shop on the lower South of the Jail, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work, in his line, in a superior and workmanlike manner.
Country produce taken in exchange for work.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Cor. 3d St. and Penn. Avenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
This House, formerly known as the St. Charles, has been thoroughly renovated, enlarged, and furnished throughout with entirely new furniture, and is now open for the accommodation of the traveling public. Those desiring comfortable quarters at reasonable rates, are respectfully invited to give the EXCHANGE a trial.

VILLAGE HOTEL,
J. W. GREEN, Proprietor.
RutHERFORDTON, N. C.
In opening this old and favorably known House, the Proprietor would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage, promising to use every endeavor to make his guests comfortable.

His table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and with attentive servants. He intends to try and satisfy the most fastidious. Give him a call.

FLEMING HOUSE, RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
This new and well furnished House is now open for the reception of guests, and persons visiting Marion will find it to their interest to give it a call.

WM. LOWZER, J. O. WHITE,
MANSION HOTEL, Salisbury, N. C.
Onn bus free of charge. Prices made to suit the times.

Good stables connected with the House for the accommodation of those traveling by private conveyance.

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE AND RUTHERFORD RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road run as follows:

Leave Charlotte, Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's, 8:30 a. m.
Arrive at Cherryville, same day's, 12 p. m.
Leave Cherryville, same day's, 1 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, same day's, 5:30 p. m.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road arrive at, and leave Charlotte, as follows:

Leave, going east, at 8:00 p. m.
Arrive, coming west, at 7:30 a. m.
Leave, going east, at 5:35 a. m.
Arrive, coming west, at 7:55 p. m.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road run as follows:

Leave Salisbury, at 5:00 a. m.
Arrive at Marion, 12:41 p. m.
Arrive at Old Fort, 1:32 p. m.
Leave Old Fort, 7:15 a. m.
Leave Marion, at 8:04 a. m.
Arrive at Salisbury, 3:32 p. m.

CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA AND SALISBURY RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road arrive at, and leave Charlotte, as follows:

Arrive at Charlotte, 7:30 p. m.
Leave Charlotte, at 8:50 a. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 6:30 a. m.
Leave Charlotte, at 8:10 p. m.

Put me in My Little Bed.

Oh! Birdie, I am tired now,
I do not care to hear you sing,
You've sung your happy song all day,
Come, put your head beneath your wing.

I'm sleepy too, as I can be,
And sister, when my prayer I've said
I want to lay me down to rest,
Come put me in my little bed.

Come, sister come, kiss me good night,
For my evening prayer have said,
I'm tired now, and sleepy too,
Come, put me in my little bed.

Oh! Sister, what did mother say
When she was called to heaven,
away?

She told me always to be good
And never, never go astray.
I can't forget the day she died,
She placed her hand upon my head,
And whispered softly, "keep my child,"
And then they told me she was dead.

Cho: Come, sister come, &c.

Dear Sister, come and hear my prayer
Now, ere I lay me down to sleep
Within my heavenly Father's care,
While angels bright their vigils keep.

And let me ask of him above,
To keep my soul in paths of right;
Oh! Let me thank him for His love
Now ere I say my last good night.

Cho: Come, sister come, &c.

Be unto others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you,
And let'er do nor say to men
What you would not like again;
But if men do and say to you
That which is neither kind nor true,
Take a good stick and say to men,
"Don't do or say that same again."

[Punch.]

SELECTED STORY.

Blue Eyes Behind the Veil.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast. That was not an unusual occurrence, and he was disposed to be cross; which was likewise nothing new. So he retired behind the newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toast without vouchsafing any reply to the remarks of the fresh looking little lady opposite to him.

But she was gathering together her forces for the final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph, and laid aside the paper, it came.

"Dear, didn't you say you were going to have a hundred dollars for my new furs, to-day?"

"What furs?" (rather shortly was this spoken.) "Oh, pshaw! What is the use of being so extravagant? I have no money to lay out in useless follies. The old ones are good enough for any sensible woman to wear."

Mrs. Edge, good, meek little soul that she was, relapsed into obedient silence. She only sighed a soft, inward sigh, and presently began a new attack.

"Henry, will you go with me to my aunt's to-night?"

"Can't you go alone?"

"Alone, how it would look! Mrs. E's temper—for she had one, though it did not often parade itself—was aroused. 'You are so neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once; you never walk with me, nor pick up my handkerchief, nor notice my dress as you once did.'

"Well, a fellow can't be forever waiting on women, can he?" growled Mr. Edge.

"You could be polite enough to Mrs. Waters, last night, when you never thought to ask whether I wanted anything, though you knew perfectly well that I had a headache—I don't believe you care as much for me as you used to."

And Mrs. Edge looked extremely pretty with the tears in her blue eyes and a quiver on the round, rosy lips.

"Pshaw," said the husband peevishly. "Now don't be silly, Maria."

"And in the stage, yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm enough, or put my shawl around me while Mr. Brown was

so affectionate to his wife. It was mortifying enough, Henry; indeed it was."

"I didn't know women were such focks," said Mr. Edge, as he drew on his overcoat, to escape the tempest which was fast approaching.

"Am I the sort of man to make a niny of myself doing the polite to any sort of a female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious whether a woman had on a shawl or a swallow tailed coat?"

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket handkerchief, and Henry, the savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty in the kitchen a nervous start.

"Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of the deluge," said Mr. Edge to himself, that evening as he descended six feet of iniquity into the southwest corner of the car at city hall.

"Go ahead, conductor, can't you see we are full, and it is dark already."

"In one minute, sir," said the conductor, as he helped a little woman, with a basket, on board.

"Now, sir, move up a little, if you please."

Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable and did not want to move, but the light of the lamp falling on the pearly forehead and shining, golden hair of the corner, he altered his mind and moved up.

"What lovely eyes," quoth he, mentally, as he bestowed a single acknowledging smile. "Real violet, the very color I must admire! Bless me! what business have old men like me to be thinking about eyes. There, she has drawn a confounded veil over her face, and the light is as dim as a 'allow dip: but those were pretty eyes!"

The fair possessor of those blue eyes shivered slightly and drew her mantilla close around her shoulders.

"Are you cold, Miss? Pray honor me by wearing my shawl. I do not need it myself."

She did not refuse—she murmured some faint apology for troubling him, but it was not a refusal.

"No trouble—not a bit," said he, with alacrity, arranging it on her tapering shoulders, and then as the young lady handed her fare to the conductor, he said to himself, 'what a slender little hand! if there is anything I admire in a woman it is a pretty hand. Wonder what kind of a mouth she has got? it must be a delightful one if it corresponds with the hair and eyes—plague take the veil!"

But 'plague,' whoever that mystical power may be, did not take possession of the veil, so Mr. Edge's curiosity about the blue-eyed damsel remained unsatisfied.

"Have you room enough, Miss? I fear you are crowded. Pray sit a little closer to me."

"Thank you, sir," was the soft reply coming from behind the veil, as Mr. Edge reflected—like an angel from a dark cloud. And his heart gave a large thump as the pretty shoulder touched his own shaggy overcoat in a hesitating sort of way.

"Decidedly, this is getting quite romantic," thought he; and then with an audible whisper, "what would Maria say?"

The rest of the long, dreary ride was delicious with the shoulder against his own. How gallantly he jumped up to pull the strap for her—by some streak it happened to be at the very street where he intended to stop. And under the circumstances he hardly blame, when the cars stopped so suddenly that she caught at his arm for the squeeze he gave the plump, rosy hand—any man of sense would have done the same—it was such an inviting little life.

"Allow me to carry your basket, Miss, as our path lies in the same direction," said Mr. Edge, courteously, relieving her of her burden as he spoke; and—and—

may be you'd find less difficulty if you take my arm."

Well, wasn't it delightful? Mr. Edge forgot the wet streets and piteous darkness—he thought he was walking on roses. Only as he approached his door he began to feel a little nervous, and wished the little incognito would not hold on so tight. Suppose Maria should be at the window on the lookout, as she often was, how would she interpret matters? He couldn't make her believe that he only wanted to be polite to the fair traveler. Besides, his sweeping declarations in the morning—she would be sure to recall them. As he stopped at the right number, and bade her adieu, he was astonished to see her likewise run up the steps to enter. Gracious Apollo! he burst into a cold perspiration at the idea of the young lady's error.

"I think you must have made a mistake, Miss," he stammered; "this can't be your house."

But it was too late—she was already in the brilliantly lighted hall, and turning around threw off her dripping habiliments, and made a low curtsy.

"Why, it's my wife!" gasped Mr. Edge.

"And happy to see that you have not forgotten all your gallantry towards us ladies," pursued the merciful little puss, her blue eyes (they were 'pretty') all in a dance with suppressed roguery.

Edge looked from ceiling to floor in vain search of a loop-hole to retreat, but the search was unavailing.

"Well," he said in the most sheepish of tones, it's the first time I was ever polite to a lady in the cars and hang me if it shan't be the last."

"You see, my dear," said the ecstatic little lady, "I didn't expect to be delayed so long, and had not any idea I should meet with such attention in the cars, and that from my husband, too! Goodness gracious, how aunt Priscilla will enjoy the joke."

"If you tell that old harpy I will never hear the last of it," said Edge in desperation.

"Very probable," was the provoking reply of his wife.

"Now, look here, darling," said Mr. Edge, coaxingly, "you won't say anything, will you? A fellow don't want to be laughed at by all the world. I say, Maria, you shall have the prettiest furs in New York if you will only keep quiet—you shall, upon my honor."

The terms were satisfactory, and Maria capitulated—who wouldn't? And that is the way she got those splendid furs that filled the hearts of all her female friends with envy. And perhaps it was what made Mr. Edge such a courteous husband ever since.

The Value of a Newspaper.

The following is the experience of a mechanic, concerning the benefits of a newspaper:

Two years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent her after their newspaper, which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea, my wife said to me:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper, it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I. "But you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied: "If you will take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the county commissioners to let out a bridge that was to be built.

I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me on which I cleared three hundred dollars, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I would not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

Excellent Interest Rules.

For finding the interest on any principal for any number of days, the answer in each case being cents, separate the two right hand figures to express it in dollars and cents.

Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate right hand figures from product, and divide by 9.

Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 72.

Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figures, and divide by 6.

Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 45.

Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 4.

Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 36.

Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 4.

Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 24.

Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 2.

Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 18.

A Word to Girls.

The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe. Just because we do love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, we would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such as no Modiste can supply. A well-known author once wrote a pretty essay on the power of education to beautify—that it absolutely chiseled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

The Cost of Loafing.

Does the young man, who persists in being a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loafing is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time in the first place—days, weeks, months of it—in fact, about all the time he has, for no man can be a first class loafer without devoting nearly his whole time to it. The occupation well followed hardly affords time for eating or sleeping.

No one loves to tell a tale of scandal but to him that loves to hear it.—Anon.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.—Emmons.

PHUNISMS.

A clean shirt is one of woman's best gifts to man.

Paper cuffs—newspaper attacks.

Twins, like misfortunes, never come singly.

Sure way to turn people's heads—go late to church.

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said: "A girl now seems all head!" "Yes till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

A local editor assures the kind lady who sent him a mince-pie, with the request to "please insert," that such articles are never crowded out by a press of other matter.

A red hot copperhead out West indignantly refused to allow a physician to attend him in a bad case of fever, because he promised to effect a "radical cure."

Scene in the street cars: A canny boy, passing through the car, meets a cross old gentleman, and says "Pop-corn! pop-corn!" "Hunt got no teeth," angrily replies the man, "Gum drops! gum-drops!" calls the smart boy.

A very modest young lady, who was a passenger on board a packet-ship, it is said, sprang out of her berth and jumped over board, on hearing the captain, during a storm, order the mate to haul down the sheets.

A Scotchman who had put up at an inn was asked in the morning how he had slept. "Ah, mon," replied Donald, "nae vera well either, but I was much better off than the bugs, for deil a one o' them closed an e'e the night."

"Johnny, where is your Pa?" "Gone fishing, sir."

"He was a fishing yesterday, was he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Want di he catch?"

"One catfish, the rheumatism two eels, the toothache, and some little ones. Mi says he will catch hell to-day; just wait till he gets home!"

A bashful young man was escorting a bashful young lady, when she said, entreatingly, "Jabez, don't tell anybody you beamed me home."

"Don't be afraid," replied he, "I am as much ashamed of it as you are." That settled it.

The Coos Republican tells the following good one:

One day last week, Mrs. Hunt procured for her five-year old boy a fishing tackle suitable for Young America to experiment with the art so pleasing both to boys and men. A friend covered the hook with a tempting grasshopper. A little while the mother hearing a shout of exultation from Willie, ran out just in time to see one of her best hens fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked, "Don't worry, mother. I guess she'll stop when she gets to the pole."

A few nights since, at a late hour, the speaking tube of the office door of a popular physician was used by some midnight wag to the following effect. The doctor was sound asleep, when he was partially awakened by a "halloo" through the tube, whence the following dialogue took place:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Does Dr. Jones live here?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Are you Dr. Jones?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Simon Jones?"

"Yes—yes! What do you want?"

"Why, how long have you lived here?"

"Some twenty years. Why?"

"Why? why don't you move?"

"If you stay there about ten seconds more you'll find that I am moving!" He bounced out of bed, but the patient was heard "moving" down the street at a rate that defied pursuit.

THE STAR.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.	
1 Copy 1 Year in Advance,	\$1.50
1 " 6 months,	1.00
5 " 1 years,	7.00
10 " 1 " "	12.50
20 " 1 " "	20.00

If not paid strictly in advance \$2.00.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Space	1w.	1mo.	3mo.	6mo.	12mo.
1 inch	1.00	2.50	6.00	9.00	16.00
2 "	2.00	5.00	12.00	18.00	30.00
4 "	4.00	10.00	20.00	30.00	45.00
8 "	8.00	20.00	35.00	45.00	70.00
1 col.	15.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	125.00

Special notices charged 50 per cent higher. Local notices 15 cents a line.

Agents procuring advertisements will be allowed a commission of 25 per cent.

Bad weather rains here no longer.

Both sexes naturally take to the glass—Man to the wine glass, Women to the looking glass.

The absence of the SENIOR must be pleaded in excuse of any errors of omission or commission in this issue.

Forty four marriage licenses were issued in Wake County during the month of January.

Eleven months of Leap Year to come yet.

We will hereafter endeavor to give our readers a summary of the proceedings of Congress, especially such as may affect our section of the country, in any way.

Died, at the residence of his father, in this Township, on the 13th instant, Clingman McClure, son of Alex. McClure, aged about 14 years.

The Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment of the Superior Court of Henderson county, against Govan Adair, Columbus Adair, and Martin Baynard, charged with the murder of Silas Weston and his two children.

It is proposed to erect memorial tablets at the graves of the two McNeills and Mr. Sherwood, editors of the N. C. Presbyterian. Persons desiring to contribute to this truly worthy purpose will send their contributions to the editor of the Presbyterian, Fayetteville, N. C.

Isaac Rich, one of the rich men of Boston, died a few days since, leaving the bulk of his property for the benefit of Methodist colleges. During his life time he gave over seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to societies formed by the humble followers of John Wesley.

NEW YORK MARKETS, Feb. 19.—Stocks strong. Gold dull \$110. Money easy at 6. Governments dull and steady. Exchange, long, 94; short, 10. Pork dull—now mess \$14.00@14.12. Lard firm 98@99. Cotton firm; uplands 23; Orleans 23; sales 1,100. Turpentine steady at 85 1/2@86. Rosin firm; \$4.65@4.75 for strained. Freights steady.

We learn from the Salisbury Watchman, that Dr. T. W. Kreen's Tobacco Factory in that place, was burned on Monday morning of last week about 2 o'clock, together with its contents, estimated at \$15,000. He had an insurance on the stock and machinery of \$10,000; but none on the building owned by M. L. Holmes, Esq. It is believed to be the work of an incendiary. The disaster falls on numerous colored work hands who lose employment in the factory.

An illicit whiskey distillery was destroyed in Polk county a day or two since, by U. S. Internal Revenue officers. Perhaps some of our readers will be disposed to blame these officers for discharging their duty; but when one looks at the facts reasonably, they cannot but put them together as follows: The Democratic party brought on the war. The prosecution of the war placed a heavy debt upon us. This debt we are in honor bound to pay, principal and interest. To pay it we must be taxed. The tax should be upon our luxuries, and not upon our necessities. Whiskey and tobacco are lux-

uries,—they should be taxed heavier than anything else. Therefore, it is wrong to evade the tax, and cheat the government out of what is due it. And we can not blame an officer for punishing wrong doers.

The honest farmers, and good citizens of Cleveland County are, one after another, losing confidence in the corrupt men who have led them so long, and are quietly but firmly making up their minds to follow blindly no longer, but are resolved to think and act for themselves.

We are getting quite a number of new subscribers in that county. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again. The eternal years of God are hers, While error perish in despair. And die amid her worshippers."

We regret to learn of the death of William Embers, who died in Green Hill Township on the 16th inst. Wm. Embers was the father of Richmond Scott, a well known and respectable colored man of this county, and had only been in the county about 4 months, having been in Alabama about 17 years, where he was recently found by his son and brought to this county. Aged about 80 years.

OLD PREJUDICES ARE DYING OUT. New facts are killing them. The idea that invalids, weakened by disease can be relieved by prostrating them with destructive drugs, is no longer entertained except by a few nomads. Ever since the introduction of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS it has been obvious that their regulating and invigorating properties are all sufficient for the cure of chronic indigestion, rheumatism, constipation, diarrhoea, nervous affections, and malarious fevers, and they are now the standard remedy for these complaints in every section of the Union. [no12-4w]

Read the following new advertisements in this issue of the STAR, to-wit:

To Planters, reduction of prices of the best phosphates, &c.

Legal Notice—Aden L. Rucker and others, against Jonathan Ledbetter and W. H. Rucker, Administrators.

Revenue Sale—Valuable real estate in Polk County, to be sold at Columbus, N. C., March 13th.

Barber Shop and eating Saloon—Ed. Williams, Proprietor, near the Post Office. Ed. will shave you cheap and sell you Oysters as low as they can be bought in the market.

Valuable Land for Sale—If you desire to purchase a valuable farm read the advertisement of J. W. Green, Commissioner.

Politics and Religion do not work well together. The Editor of the Biblical Recorder, the organ of the Baptist Denomination in this State cannot entirely conceal his predilections for the former while advocating the latter. See the result—

Of the Christian Advocate, the organ of the Methodist Church, Twenty-eight copies are received by subscribers at this place, while the Biblical Recorder has only eight and of these eight, two have publicly said that they will take it no longer than their present subscription extends, as it mixes politics and religion too freely. The Baptists here are as numerous, wealthy and intelligent as the Methodists are.

Bro. Mills had better stick to his calling (if the good Lord ever called him to run the Recorder) and let politics alone.

WILL M. CHARLETON'S GREAT POEM.—The finest poem yet written by that young and brilliant genius, Will M. Charlton, is "The Burning of Chicago," written for and just published in "OUR FIRESIDE FRIEND," the new and attractive literary and family journal, published by Waters, Eberts & Co., 783 State Street, Chicago.

They intend to give to their subscribers for 1872, one hundred thousand dollars in premiums, to be distributed upon a new and novel plan. Specimen copies of the paper, together with full particulars, sent free on application.

We commend the following to all whom it may concern:

Owing to the fact that there are still a few persons who do not understand how to transact post-office business properly, the department issued a series of rules and regulations for the benefit of post-office patrons which are well for each to remember and follow:

Concerning "mailing of letters."

ART. I. Never buy any postage stamps. Hand your letter to the P. M. and ask him if he can change a V. If he can't tell him you'll hand it to him some other time. (It will not be necessary to do so, however, as three cents are nothing.)

ART. II. When you hand your letter to him, do not, by any means, forget to tell him to be sure and have it go. (If you do not give him this warning, he will be very apt to keep it in his office a long time.)

ART. III. Always remember not to put your letters in the letter box. (If you do the post master will not have so much business, and you encourage laziness.)

ART. IV. 'Tis well to ask him how long before you ought to get an answer to it. (Of course he can't tell, but just to see how he can guess.)

Getting the mail.

ART. I. If you have a box, do not call out the number of it, or your name, but stand and drum on it with your fingers. (This will enable you to show that you have a box, and also obliges the post-master to take a good look at you.)

ART. II. When he hands out your mail, if there is any, don't fail to ask him if that's all. (Post masters are in the habit of holding back a portion of each one's mail, which, of course, they will not do after this question is asked.)

ART. III. If an unexpected letter or paper does not come, ask the post master what he supposes is the reason? and tell him it's mighty curious. (Of course post masters are not possessed of supernatural knowledge, but they should know where the letters are after they have been in the business a while.) 'Tis well to tell the P. M.

Senator Norwood, of Georgia, says he never saw or heard of a ku klux. We invite his attention to a report, accompanied by a sworn testimony, made to the Legislature of Florida, his neighboring State, on February 6, and adopted February 7, the democrats not denying a single fact alleged, nor so far as the record shows, seeking to palliate one.

Your committee, from the testimony of witnesses produced, have arrived at the following facts: That in the county of Jackson, there exists an organized band, whose object is to resist the laws, and who are the supposed authors of the many murders and outrages committed in the county, and that no arrests of suspected parties have been made, principally from two causes: 1st, from open threats of personal injury to the officers of the law; and 2d, the impossibility of getting a jury to convict one of the gang of any offense of which he might be charged. That during the past three years there have been committed in the county of Jackson no less than one hundred and eighty-four murders, fifteen of the number being women and children, and almost the entire number being colored people, brutally assassinated by this band of outlaws for daring to think for themselves.

One hundred and eighty-four murders in a single county, without the conviction or arrest of a single one of the perpetrators, ought to be a case worthy the attention of the honorable Senator. Let him examine it, and tell us when he ever heard of a ku klux.

We do not wonder at further recommendations of the report, that the Legislature call upon the Governor to use all means at his command, and that the President declare martial law. This is democratic peace.—Chronicle.

The question of making Nash Square, Raleigh, a park, is again agitated.

A Protest.

Below is a protest on the subject of the State Printing:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, WAKE COUNTY.

The undersigned, members of the Joint Committee on Printing, hereby enter their protest against the award of the Public Printing which has this day been made, whereby the Sentinel office, in the name of Theo. N. Ramsay, is given the Public Printing of the State of North Carolina:

1st. Because the same office last year, in another name, overcharged, drew from and defrauded the tax payers of North Carolina out of more than three thousand dollars.

2d. Because it is reported and believed that the Sentinel newspaper, and the Banner of Temperance have been frequently printed on paper paid for by the State of North Carolina, and so long as the Secretary of State is required to fill the requisitions of the Sentinel office for paper, thereby making the said Sentinel office the custodian of the State's property, so long are the tax payers of the State at the mercy of those who are publicly proven and universally acknowledged to be the plunderers of the State.

3d. Because the contract had previously been awarded to another party in this city as the lowest bidder—after bids had been invited and public notice given that the lowest responsible bidder was to receive the contract—and said bids were opened and made public.

4th. Because the contract as awarded to Theo. N. Ramsay, is in some particulars at such figures named in the lowest bid of the party referred to—figures that could only have been ascertained by opening and publishing the bids.

5th. Because, in other respects, the Department printing in particular, the contract awarded Theo. N. Ramsay, and the Sentinel office leaves that matter open.

6th. Because the rejected contract is by many hundreds of dollars more favorable to the State than the contract with Theo. N. Ramsay and the Sentinel office. And

7th. Because the party to whom the contract was awarded a few days ago, had executed the contract on his part and made a good and sufficient bond to the State, which bond and contract was in the hands of the Chairman of our Committee.

Therefore, for the above reasons, and because a great outrage has been perpetrated on the people of North Carolina in this matter, and a great wrong done one of her citizens, we the undersigned, not consenting to become parties to any such transaction, here enter our solemn protest, in our own behalf and in the name of the people of North Carolina, against this outrageous and unheard of proceeding.

Done at the city of Raleigh this 10th day of February, A. D. 1872, and in the 96th year of the independence of said State.

C. H. BROOKS, JOHN P. NISSEN.

—Carolinian.

That Apple of Discord.

The Washington N. C. Express refers to the "New Departure" movement as the "apple of discord," and is down in the month so badly as to predict defeat, ruin, etc., for its party in the future. Still it is not so bad off but what it can use choice epithets when speaking of President Grant, using such choice terms as "corrupt man," "ambitious despot," "unprincipled charlatan," &c. These evidences of vigorous Democratic life coupled with its determination to "fight it out" on the old Democratic line, and if defeated, try it again and again," are evidences of cold blooded terrapin like, firmness coupled with a donkey like obstinacy which characterizes the Democrat proper all over the land. That line referred to was broken in 60-61, and the flying squadrons are now in that "last ditch" calling names Mr. Express, and would not be noticed at all were it not for an occasional attempt made to emerge and forage in our ranks for weak-kneed men to come and help them out. Call names and fret if it does any good, Friend, but in abusing the President stick to the truth for shame sake if nothing more.—Newbern Times.

STATE CONVENTION.—Delegates to the State Convention will be passed to and from Raleigh for one fare on the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford, the Atlantic and North Carolina, the Raleigh and Gaston, and the Charlotte and Gaston. Other roads will probably do likewise. Let us have one thousand delegates at the State Convention. Every county should be represented in person. Keep the ball rolling. Etc.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Revenue Sale.

I WILL SELL AT AUCTION, TO THE highest bidder, on the 13th day of March, A. D. 1872, the following named property seized by me for taxes due the United States, viz: One tract of land belonging to the heirs of John Mills, deceased, known now as the J. Columbus Mills place, lying on Vaughn's creek, waters of Packot River, Polk county, N. C., adjoining lands of Newman C. Mills and George Williams. The above property will be sold at Columbus, Polk county, N. C., for cash, without reserve. PINKNEY ROLLINS, Collector 4th District N. C. February 20th, 1872.

State of North Carolina, Rutherford County.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Aden L. Rucker, Lovena Rucker, W. B. Walker and wife M. J. Walker, J. L. Rucker, H. K. Rucker, J. W. Whitesides and wife, U. A. Whitesides, vs. Jonathan Ledbetter, W. H. Rucker, as Administrators of the estate of W. Rucker, deceased, M. H. Kilpatrick, R. O. Ledbetter, Jas. M. Taylor, Executor of J. L. Taylor, dec'd. You are hereby summoned to appear at the next ensuing regular term of the Superior Court, to be held for the county of Rutherford, at the court house in Rutherford, on the 4th Monday in March next, and answer the complaint of the Plaintiff, a copy of which will be filed according to law, and let them take notice that if they fail to answer said complaint within the time prescribed by law, the Plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint. Hereof, fail not. Given under my hand and the seal of said court, this 23d day of February, 1872.

J. B. CARPENTER, C. C. S. O. 14-41

Valuable Land for Sale.

By virtue of a decree of the Probate Court of Rutherford county, I will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, at the court house in Rutherford, on Monday the 25th day of March next, all that valuable tract of land lying on the waters of 24 Broad River, containing about 150 acres and known as the James Morrow land, and sold for division between the heirs of said James Morrow, dec'd.

Terms of sale—12 months credit. Will be given the purchaser, except for costs and charges, which will be required, on day of sale, the purchaser to give bond and approved security.

J. W. GREEN, Com'r.

TO PLANTERS.

GREAT reduction in the price of one of the best PHOSPHATES manufactured in this country. BOWEN & MERCEUR'S PHOSPHATE. Containing over 50 per cent of Ammonia, and equal to 15 per cent of Bone Phosphate of lime. Will be sold for \$35.00 per ton, if applied for direct to BOWEN & MERCEUR, 14-1w.

Barber Shop & Oyster Saloon.

I DESIRE to inform the public that I have opened a Barber Shop and Oyster Saloon next door north of Hawkins' Bar Room, where I will be pleased to serve all who may desire a clean shave, or a nice plate of oysters, as cheap as can be afforded. ED. WILLIAMS.

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Just published, a new edition of Dr. Cuyler's Celebrated Essay on the Valid Cure (without medicine) of Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incurable by Impure habits to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and all Diseases by self-indulgence on sexual extravagance. No other work. Price, in a scaled envelope, only 6 cents.

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This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of six cents. Sent by mail, in a sealed envelope, on receipt of two post paid stamps. Address: J. B. CARPENTER, Publisher, 14-3w, Chicago, Ill.

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A well selected stock, at prices which I challenge the world to beat. Also, Leather and shoe findings.

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12-14

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In this department, the farmer and mechanic can find almost any article wanted.

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We have a good Stock from the best Water-proof Boot to the coarsest Brogue.

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We keep that Stock of Sugars, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Molasses, Syrup, &c., as extensive as to quality and price.

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Store in next door south of Dr. Barker's.

left hand side of the street going North.

State of North Carolina.

Rutherford County.

In the Probate Court.

M. O. Harrison and others, vs. J. B. Carpenter.

Readers of the Bulletin for probate of the will of J. B. Carpenter, will be notified that J. B. Carpenter, who died on the 1st day of March last, was not a resident of Rutherford County at the time of his death, and therefore his will is void.

J. B. CARPENTER, 127 Bowery, N. Y., Post-office Box 4,586. 9-6w

